

An Eye-Witness Account of a Dulles-Ike Chat

By ART SHIELDS

ALLEN DULLES, the "Master Spy," is a sort of acting President. So James Reston of the New York Times once suggested. But Ike has the title. Ike meets the press. Ike faces Khrushchev. And Ike has to get briefings from Dulles.

We must be frank at this point. We didn't hear the latest briefing. No reporter was admitted. We just did the best we could. And the reader may believe this report — from our telepathic recorder — at his own risk.

The scene of the briefing was a spacious "cabin" in the Colorado Rockies, where Ike likes to rough it in comfort. A big log was blazing in the fireplace. Guns, golf clubs and fishing tackle hung from the walls. Tall glasses stood on the heavy oak table. But Ike looked unhappy as the following conversation began:

A BAD TIME

IKE: I had a bad time today, Mr. Dulles. A church delegation got in. I couldn't get rid of 'em. It was a perfect day for fishing, but they didn't care. They just trotted and fretted about our overseas bases. Said the bases made nothing but trouble. Said there wouldn't be even any trouble about Powers and the U-2 if we hadn't those bases. Said they'd get us into war, and the American people don't want to die. Said we ought to give 'em up — can't hold 'em long anyway.

DULLES (sternly): How did they get past the Secret Service, Mr. President?

IKE: It's hard to stop preachers, Mr. Dulles.

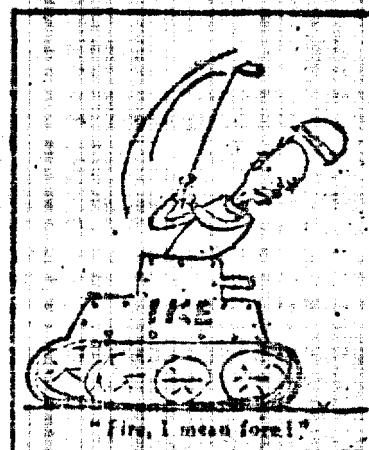
DULLES: We ought to replace the Secret Service with my CIA boys. They can spot a pacifist a mile away.

IKE: But what about those huses, Mr. Dulles? Khrushchev will be talking about 'em in the United Nations next week. Can we hold 'em? That's what I want to know.

DULLES: We got to hold them, Mr. President. We can't destroy Communism without them.

HOW CAN YOU NOT?

munism as much as you can.



"Fire, I mean form!"

They're getting stronger all the time.

DULLES: We first have to locate the targets, Mr. President, to know where to strike. The Russians and Chinese are very secretive. They don't give us any military maps. And we can't photograph targets without bases to fly from.

IKE: I agree with you, Mr. Dulles. I always said you're the smartest man I ever knew, outside of your brother. And you can't say I didn't back you up in the U-2 business. I backed you although it put Dick and me in the soup. But I can't help feeling a little let down, Mr. Dulles. You told me they couldn't hit Powers at sixty-eight thousand feet.

DULLES (flushing): I didn't know they had that new rocket, Mr. President. But we'll lick them next time. We'll get a

plane that can fly at one hundred thousand feet.

THE CIA CODE

IKE: But you said Powers would never let himself be taken alive and confess.

DULLES: That wasn't my fault, Mr. President. The train didn't follow the CIA code. We gave him a poisoned pill and put a stick of TNT under his seat. He saved his miserable life instead. But don't worry. We'll have a better man next time.

IKE: I don't know. Look what happened to the U-2 this summer. The Russians say those fellows confessed.

The telepathic recording broke down at this point. Then it came on again the Master Spy's emphasis had shifted.

DULLES: We've got a million men overseas, Mr. President. They're scattered all over the world in eighty-one bases in sixty-five countries.

IKE: Maybe they're scattered too much. In a

"NO MORE VICTORIOUS"

DULLES: This is not just there for war against Russia and China, Mr. President. That's part of it, of course. They also have other jobs to do. The people in those countries are getting out of hand. Our Army, Navy and Air Force have a duty —

IKE: A duty to keep the people down, Mr. Dulles.

DULLES: Right, Mr. President.